Diary

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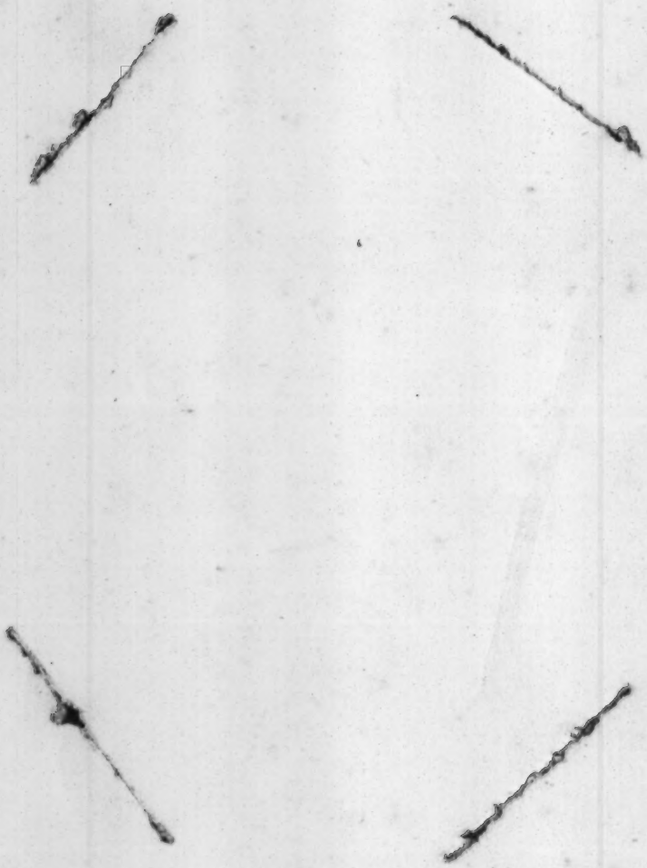

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Ho garth House
Paradise Road
Richmond

Jan. 3rd 1924.

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1924

	January					February					March				
Sun		6	13	20	27		3	10	17	24		2	9	16	23	30
Mon		7	14	21	28		4	11	18	25		3	10	17	24	31
Tues	1	8	15	22	29		5	12	19	26		4	11	18	25	
Wed	2	9	16	23	30		6	13	20	27		5	12	19	20	
Thr	3	10	17	24	31		7	14	21	28		6	13	20	27	
Fri	4	11	18	25		1	8	15	22	29		7	14	21	28	
Sat	5	12	19	26		2	9	16	23		1	8	15	22	29	

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NYPL

Jan. 3rd 1924.

This year is almost certainly bound to be the most eventful in the whole of our (recorded) career. Tomorrow I go up to London to look for houses: on Saturday I deliver sentence of death upon Nellie & Lottie; at Easter we have Hogarth: & in June Wadie comes to live with us; & our domestic establishment is entirely controlled by one woman, a vacuum cleaner, & electric stoves. Now how much of this is dream, & how much reality? I should like, very much, to turn to the last page of this virgin volume & there find my dreams true. It lies with me to substantiate them between now & then. I need not burden my entirely frivolous page with why & wherefore. How we reached these decisions, so quick. Mrs Darby a quantum of coal at Rodmell. Then Nelly presented her ultimatum — poor creature, she'll withdraw it, I know, — about the kitchen. "And I must have a new stove; & it must be on the floor so that we can warm our feet; & I must have a window in that wall ..." Must! It is most a word to be used to Princes? Such was our silent reflection as we received these commands, while Lottie skirmishing around with her own very unwise proposals & objections. "You won't get two girls to sleep in one room as we do" &c. "Mrs Bell says you can't get a drop of hot water in this house ... "So you won't come here again, Nelly?" I asked. "No ma'am, I won't come here again" in saying which she spoke, I think, the truth. Meanwhile they are happy as turtles, in front of a roaring fire in their own clean kitchen, having attended the sales, &

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enjoyed all the cheap diversions of Richmond, which begin to pall on me. Already I feel ten years younger. Hope settles round one, living here for 9 years as we're done; merely to think of a change lets in the air. Youth is [illegible] a matter of forgiving ahead. Ida my contemporaries satisfied outwardly: inwardly censores of themselves. What's it for? They ask themselves now & then, when the new year comes, & can't possibly expect there's comfort for a moment. Think of the innumerable tubs of Booth. for example: all lodged, rested, querulous, & believing firmly that they've been enjoined to live by our father which is, [illegible] in heaven. Now my state is infinitely better. Here am I launching forth into vacancy. We've two young people depending on us. We've no house in prospect. All is possibility & doubt. How far can we make publishing pay? And can we give up the Nation? & could we find a house better than Monks House? Yes. That's cropped up, partly owing to the heaven sent address of Nelly. I turned in to Thornton's reading for my exam. & was told of an old house at Wilmington.— I'm pleased to find our volatile over temperaments still are - o d. is steady as well - a triumph I can't say I achieve — at the age of 42 & 43 — for 42 comes tripping towards me, the momentous year.

Now then is, my boundary, & I must read Montaigne, off & cut short these other reflections & about, I think, reading & writing what were to fill up the page. I ought to describe the walk from Charleston two; but can't defraud Montaigne any longer. He gets better & better, & so I want I scamp him, & rush into writing. & earn my 20 guineas as I hope. Did I record a tribute from Gone, that I'm a nonentity, a scratch from Nicolson, that the V.O is rotten; & a compliment all the way from America from Rebecca West? Oh dear, oh dear, no boasting, aloud, in 1924. I didn't boast at Charleston.

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Wednesday
Jan. 9th

At this very moment, or fifteen minutes ago, to be precise, I bought the ten years lease of 52 Tavistock Sqre London W.C. I— I like writing Tavistock. Subject & Course to the lease, & to Providence, & to the unforeseen Vagaries on the part of Mr Simons. The house is ours: & the basement, & the billiard room, with the rock garden on top, & the view of the square in front & the devastated buildings behind, & Southampton Row, — the whole of London — London then art a ~~treasure~~ Jewel of jewels, a Jasper of Jocunditee — mercie, talk. friendship, city views, books, publishing, something central & inexplicable, all this is now within my reach, as it hasn't been since August 1913, when we left Clifford's Inn, for a series of catastrophes which very nearly ended my life, & would, I'm vain enough to think, have ended Leonard. So I ought to be grateful to Richmond & Hogarth & indeed, whether its my invincible optimism or not, I am grateful. Nothing could have buried better all through those years when I was creeping about, like a rat with muck on its head, & the aeroplanes were over London at night, & the streets dark, & no penny buns in the windows. Moreover, nowhere else could we have started the Hogarth Press, whose very awkward beginning had lain in this very room, in this very green Carpet. Here that strange whispering grew a throne; it ousted us from the dining room, which is now a dusty coffin; & crept all over the house. And people have been here, thousands of them it seems to me. I've sat over this fire many an evening talking, & for one fat of the years last summer, have never complained of Richmond, till I shed it, like a loose skin. Sagers is dining here tonight, & will be invited to more in with his troupe of Menalcas at Easter. For more I've had some very curious visions in this room too, lying in bed, mad, & seeing the sunlight quivering like gold water on the wall. I've heard the voices of the dead too. And felt, those through & all, generally happy

V.

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can take place anytime between Feb. 1st & then. Really, now I don't want to give auctioneers particulars, I may as well say briefly that my good genius for homes whispered in my ear on Monday, when, as I was leaving Mrs Coade, the flushed young lady said "Mrs Woolf, are you still looking for a house?" "That's what I'm here for" I said. "But I'd begun to think I'd better take a flat." "Oh well, 52 Tavistock Sqre might just you. What a large studio" The perverse young man made me come to Gordon Sqre next, then misdirected me; & then I ran into Adrian; & then both together we went into Mrs Dolleman & Pritchard's through great green baize swing doors, up stairs, into a flat, now semi-dark, & then, down into the basement where I very rapidly lost count of rooms, & ran into the old gentleman's billiard room; & so I leaded this is our plan of rooms more was one.

Well, we had a long cold bony day yesterday - going, I did, twice to London, a Sickert ending with The Flame, a play which ~~bored~~ invented emotions to which nobody has felt there 100 years; no body felt even in 1824. But by a process of hypnotism, half Bayswater last night made themselves believe that ~~they~~ other people felt like this & therefore that they ought to.

I may say that coincident with the purchase of 52 Tavistock Sqre (how I like writing that!) is the purchase of a new fountain pen, a fountain pen, which has an ordinary nib, a writes - sometimes very well. Am I more excited by buying 52 Tavistock Sqre, or by buying my new fountain pen? - which reflection reminds me that I have volume 7 of Montaigne to polish off, & Sagan dining here. So in spite of clouded brain, upstairs, fetch the books, & begin. First, though, one gaze into the fire - & oh dear, I've forgotten my ultimatum to Poor Domatics. Both to go: a both very sane, & also affectionate - a trying combination.

Goodfellow

Wed. Jan. 16th. 5.15

Acolian Hall.

Queens Hall. 8.30

Wed. Jan. 30th. Moved.

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Sat.
Jan. 12th

I have just introduced a great improvement in the cover of this book — a calendar. But to revert to those other improvements — shall I survive the process? There's a snag in the lease: some drastic clause forbidding varying that Bedford can refuse permission to sublet. If refused, this would throw the offices, now let at £250, on our hands. But they offer us the flat & basement separate. All this involves calculation; & what is worse, a good deal of depression in L's tide. When I ask myself, why do I do it? Is it worth it? Can it be risky, too great? And I reply according to the mood I'm in. My heart feels like a wounded seal in my breast on Thursday night: was serene as a summers day yesterday; now it sore & choppy. But I like myself for taking my fences. to long as rashness don't become virtuous. Suppose it all fails, anyhow I shall have tried to bring it off. Then Nelly has agreed to stay on alone as a general; & I am to find Lottie a place in Gordon Square. I see difficulty upon difficulty ahead. None of this would much matter if L. were happy; is worth being dependent on grim, the wind is taken out of my sails, & I say What's it all for?

But the truth is — no, I don't think I know the truth. Undoubtedly my chief prop is my writing, which cant fail me here or in London. But according to Montaigne, one is various. I cant lay down a law for my own feelings.

We odd how entirely this house question absorbs one. Was a radical change, though. It means a revision of 4 lives. As for Lottie, there my doubts, for her temper will always be unseating her, & I feel, after 7 years, ever so?, some responsibility for her. If by my doing she got into difficulty, I suppose I

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blame myself. Yet for people your age, which is in full summer, to dread ink a responsibility seems pusillanimous. We have no children to consider. My health is as good as it will be in this world, a great deal better than it ever has been. The next ten years must see the pens into fame or bankruptcy: to loiter on here is to ~~keep it~~ a handicap... But I've gone through all these matters time & time again, & wish I could think of something else. I've so much work on hand. It's odd how unimportant my work seems, suddenly, when a practical matter like this blocks the way. I see it as it appears to the world from outside, not all cleverness & bit ups as it appears from within. Who have I seen? Saxon chiefly & the Grants. They have a good deal of solid comfort at Grosvenor House Twickenham: chairs & tables & little mats on the dressing tables. There was a tight mute woman by the fire & Jim Rendel, playing chess with the old fleshy bearded Major — that failure. That vivacious irresponsible old man, who has an air, a perfect gentleman, a man of the world, humorous, shrewd, practical, but ineffective utterly. In comes Ethel, & I perceive how lovely she was, & something charming still in their relationship, which is all worn away & stale; & she knows him, I suppose to be dying, & has her mind so set on practical affairs (they're very poor) that she can't feel anything. She is a stately kind, unimaginative woman, who pokes me a little, I think. (Now don't think of the home problem!) Seeing Jaxon don't amount to much, though I see him now a distinguished man. If I met him in a room just, I should say who's that? I think. It's partly that he's become more self sure & homely. And then, I fancy, reading Plato all through tells. I like his absence of detail — in discussing plans, for instance: though when it

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comes to practise, he's a meticulous man, can't order a taxi for himself without endless deliberations.

I saw Adrian & Karin two. There's an unhappy woman for you like. But what is happiness? I define it to be a glow in the eye. Her eyes are like polished pavements - wet pavements. There's no scarlet carbon within. Molly's eyes are a different matter. For I went to tea with her, in a very clean house in Oakley Street. There was Michael, a yearning melancholy, nervous, in trousers. He had been out to tea, but didn't like the people: they discuss such details, he said. & which part of Devonshire do you like best?" Mr Armytage to see how that sort of question appears in reality. Rose one's lured to it. Molly is very pale, very Mephelen, like a walrus, rather; has cut a fringe, which is pure grey; & manages to Does much better than I do. I love the distracted busy ways of these mothers - no parsimony of life, as there is with childless - always something that must be decided, or done. Old Mrs Macarthy is, I think, the most arrant & pernicious bore in the world; like a child, but not to be put down; inserting as her story busy head; utterly unable to see beyond her own plate of bread & butter; must know what kind of jam it is. Really I fancy these old ladies, without occupation; the most trying in the world. Two days ago she became a Roman Catholic. Charlie Sawyer came in; patted Molly's hand. He has respects maternal warmth. He has a great respect for the worth of human nature, & always, I take me; respects the understanding faculties; knows how hard life is — not, perhaps, how pleasant. He's written a story about life turning all the faces in a tube carriage grey, sodden, brave, disillusioned. But why doesn't it make anyone of them look contented, happy, as if they'd got what they wanted? He gives a vivacity to the young. Content to the elderly, very little intense pleasure. Who, say, looking at them.

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Sunday
Jan
20th

——— the clock striking 12, & Lord Bernard, Siegfried Sassoon &
William the chauffeur just gone. Yes, we have got into the
peerage. Do I altogether like the peerage? The trouble is that
there's something a little shapeless: they tell good stories: & I've rather
lost the art of listening to them points. This Lord is an
Siegfried says, a Kilburn Jew: wound. fat. pale — so faintly
Cheltenham, a determined little man, whose rank, Stanley, gives
them some consistency not otherwise his. Rank, nowadays,
at any age, is illegibly vulgar, like a sponge to the mantelpiece.
Vita dined here with them, & with her two rank is a velvet
sponge: there's something dense instead of vibrant. Old S.S. is
a nice dear kind sensitive warmhearted good fellow. He
came back, with William waiting, half shut the door, &
asked me to get reviewing for Turner — 'he has not asked this
himself mind you'. (I don't like being in any way deflected from
my comfortable ways, when it comes to writing. That's the
worst of getting wealthy: it somehow makes one, momentarily,
mercenarious, in that department.) But to return. Siegfried is
all right. Then what else has happened? No fatal
news of Tavistock Square yet. But Saxon's cook has
apparently taken Hogarth; & says the garden will be very nice
for her little girl, & she'll [illegible] Turner may bring the gas stove
which was the drs present. They'll come in March.
The thing about servants is that they rail all weekend a very
humbling & intense rude outburst: & then suddenly turn
delightful)
Here we are, though, going through a
time of waiting. What a happy day soon as my claws are
into the moor. At present, I feel oh God another journey!
Must I go up by train? where am I to change before
dinner tomorrow, & so on. Lottie vacillates. First she says
she's going to get £60 a by maid housekeeper to Kid
Lewis: then she'll stay with Saxon — God knows what'll
be the end: & I shall be sorry to miss her — Now, I
must tackle my Montaigne quotations, & that demanded
by some Cockney in charge of the Dept

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Wednesday
23rd. J.

And on Monday of I'd walked here I should have had to say "We have lost Tavistock Square." - lost it through the sharp practice of Mr Simon, & the easy going indolence of Mr. Guy Hemsley. It was a very unpleasant shock, & for my part I don't think we could easily have got over it - found as good a house that is, let alone the infinite dearness of the hunt. Anyhow, after sitting fidgetting at the play (Munro's Progress) & fanning it unsuccessfully I went off to Coade. Found myself expected, heard a very queer story - how Simon would let the Woolves have it if Coade would take £30 instead of £40: which Coade wouldn't: so I offered the extra £10; communicated with my solicitors by phone, across the Opera table (oh. yes I'm grown up now) & had the matter arranged in 15 minutes, & went on to tea with Nessa dwelling with pride & excitement - all great nonsense, & I would say. But my heart feeling generous was outraged: what the good fame, it asked, if Simon let these sharpers trick you? And I mean you, 52 is your house. So, practically not [eventually only] thanking it now is; for in spite of Hemsley & the strike & the failure of the draft contract to arrive, &c &c; I visited the office with cheque & signature before one to day: & then spent a shilling on a plate of beef. Ah well! Now I can sigh contented over my fare, in spite of the rain, & the strike, & Lady Colefax & Ethel Sands, & all cares & sorrows & perplexities. They aren't very grievous at the moment. The New Republic has taken my article on Jane Austen: £22 from the dial for Lords of Obscure: &c &c. This time last year we were in a very different pair of shoes. Not that even then I was more than surface ruffled. NB: Remember some very black, stagnant days about this time of year. I have seen Roger: seen his pictures, which with the irrepressible vanity of the artist he makes even the blind like me report on, by shutting light, in a hurry. But enough of that: in every other way he abounds: cut hair, wherever you like, & the - Julia wells up. Pamela is about to bear: so was his cat.

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Leslie has taken brought her home. Nina is convicted by the law of not owning her flat at 50. I've said nothing of that great affair - the battle of Bell & Stephens. Clive will be stunned at & the Americans will triumph. And then reminds me that I'm resolved to draw in my horns with Mary H. I was absurdly exacerbated by a laughing report of Rogers' that Clive is circulating an account of me, wishing to draw like Lady Diana &c. Mary will cheerfully want me to make Clive smile; & I think she relishes a little vinegar in ~~her~~ my wounds. But I'm not proud of my own behaviour either - glad that I like being natural, & talking nonsense of I're a mind. This one can't do safely with her & the gratuitous fury of temper is such that when a light flick of the whip, like Rogers, is given me, I lose more - much more than all the pleasure I get from talking like a Jew's over my knee to poor dear Mary - whom I like too. But it can't be helped. And in London I shall have two nights with Mary, & can't face the fritter of my nerves & the old intriguing ways.

Now I'm rending off Montaigne, & back again to-morrow to the Hours, which I was working at so carefully - oh the cold raw edges of ~~left~~ unfinished pages - when the House began started this morning. But now I am going to write till one more - 6 weeks straight ahead. I think it's the decent thing to do. Good time - God knows.

A letter from Morgan to-day saying "To whom first but you - Virginia should I tell the fact that I've put the last words to my novel?" He is moved, as I am always on these occasions.

MYPL

Sunday Feb. 3rd

I didn't write however, because L. wanted the flu, the very next day, & gave me an unpleasant day; ~~however~~ but there's an odd pleasure too, purely feminine I suppose, in 'looking ill' when wanted; seeing ups my pen, & setting with an unruled. But he were ups in 4 days or less; & here we are on the rails again, a very lovely Spring day, what, by Heaven's grace, we have spent alone. No servants at the moment; no callers. The sun laid gold leaf over the trees & chimneys today. The willows on the bank were - what word is it? - soft yellow plumy, like a cloud, like an unfeasibly fine spray: something shimmery in it: & also flame of gold. I can't find the right word; but reflect that I shant be walking here again next Spring. I am not sentimental about it: Tavistock Square with the pale tower is more beautiful I think, let alone the adorable omnibuses.

Crumpt the influenza, I don't think I have seen more than a handful; went to Ethel's, was congratulated on Montaigne by Logan; Roger had stuck in St. Mawgh; talked to Arnold Bennett, a lovable sea lion, with chocolate eyes, drooping lids, & a protruding tank. He has an odd accent; a queer manner; is provincial; very much a character; "I don't understand women - " he said as a schoolboy might say it. Everyone laughs. Then " No woman is as sensitive as Jan - and woman could be .." I suspect he minds things, even my pinpricks. He is slow, kind, affectionate. Laud keenly along a sofa. But there was Logan, launching questions at my head; balls one had to return. Roger came in, rather wild eyed & staring: Prince Wiseless, a Prencen; who, said Roger, made the rest of us appear provincial. What a cosmopolitan he is - how he dreads the English Parish: how he adores Paris: "She had lived in Paris" he said of the Prencen: "so glorious she cd. talk about interesting things" But I did not stay to hear them. Yesterday, the parochial Reviews

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came to measure the allowes, & ask me whether Mr. Turners
father's bureau could stand in the study — You must
remember the Grand pianos, & the pianola case, said Edith,
one of those worrying vague 'bodies', who compose the middle
classes; weary some women, machine made, but all terribly
with their views; they get hit & cold, perish & flattered, like
other people; more so indeed; but I cant see why nature provides
them, unless to supply Dartmouth with cadets, & Colonels
with wives. Nelly went to the flat with me, & next day
wrote out a time table, to show that by 3 P.M. the women
still have to wash up luncheon & do Leonard's boots — Very well, I
said, find a place with Lottie. But the end ga was
Consideration is, apparently, that Lottie goes with the Turners,
& Nelly clings to us. The menage is paid over, & the house
presumably ours tomorrow. So I shall have a room
again ours to sit down in, after almost 10 years in London.
I must now write to Logan, to ask for a book from the press, & then
read Elizabethan for my next Chapter. A rainy day like the reading
for this pleasant book is a great source of delight to me.

Sat Feb 9th — We have been measuring the flat. Now the question arises
Is it roomy? No need to go into my broodings over that
point. Fitzroy Square rubbed a nerve bare which will
never sleep again, which an omnibus is in the neighbourhood.
My feeling about this move is that we're doing the coarse grown
thing: facing the facts; what for ten years, it will be
good to do. Yes. This little adjustment has been good I think.
Morgan was here last night. It panage to India done; &
he is much exalted, in the boil with it, consulting, &
about terms; has been offered £750. So he; all
right. And Heinemann this morning wants to publish
my Essays. Henderson to dine. & Janet. I hoarded a
L. (he says) One cant joke with people one doesn't know.
They don't even take Dinan in the basement naturally.
Vernon fetched down Mary; that is two nights ago.

MYPL

& broke her knee cap. Clive couldn't stay with him. It was in great pain, but Ethel Sands said, very brave. Now he's very unstable. So our feelings for our friend change. Cat was anywhere, & I liked her properly. Life has bred too much 'feeling' for him in me. Then (I'm so tired with parties I can't concentrate) Margaret has just come back from her last journal. Poor chit! at 24. Just at Calypso Thro' a devilish unhappy two. She found a letter, left the house, — lives in a basement. It's melodrama, but forced on her by Cyprus I expect. I'm working at the Room, & think it a very interesting attempt. I may have found my mine this time I think. I may get at my gold ore. The great thing is never to feel bored with one's own writing. That is the signal for a change — never mind what, so long as it brings interest. And my vein of gold lies so deep, in such bent channels. To get at I must forge ahead, stoop, grope. But it is gold & a kind I think. Morgan said I had got further into the core of Jacob's Room than any other novelist. It was very nimbly on the move. (And it just as noisy, here & there listeners, as it can possibly be in T. S. One gets into a habit of not listening. Remember this sage advice) Tom, the incredible Tom, wrote "I do not take any previous & antagonistic" saluting some new review. Meredith, while a Laurel Crowned could not be more magisterial. Karin has been confiding. Adrian wants to come back. She wants life. I don't altogether like her, kicking up her heels, get at her point, & respect her conscience, for she has a. an her mind. He sits alone in Mecklenburg Sq. W. He the finality for Stephens has the said. It's the real thing like an American with a Theatre table. Janet Henderson sings She flirted with Ralph. Want moonlight, big men, diamonds, Kisses. but it's too old; & not good enough. I shan't take her views from her. Janet has the Vaughan rattle in her throat; a lady; large, gawky, will marry & breed.

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Saturday
Feb. 23rd

Really I've a thousand things to do. I've just said to L: I'm so
busy I can't begin; which unfortunately is too true just now. My
mind sits in front of a fence & powers out clouds of ideas: I have to
stick spurs in sharply to make it jump. I shd be reading Mrs
Meynell's just published: Mrs Bourget on Henry James & the
Birds. Then I bethink me that with life in its present rush,
I may never again write a word of this book at Hazelhurst House. I
so should take a few minutes to say the 2nd, in whatever
the expression is. It's very cold, barbarous weather. Twice we
have meant to go to Redmell & failed. L. says, Well says there
comes a stage when one can't face an uncomfortable walk end
Warmth is the one need I have. Major Man, a great giant in
flannels who shook L. by the hand because we are real people &
own a screen, came to stay, & will move us on March 13th
for £15. Nessa gets busy at 52 Tavy on Monday. I am
going to force L into the extravagance of spending
£25 on painted panels, by Bell & Grant. We are trying
to book together all the resources of civilisation – telephone,
gas, Electric light, & be at their distance, naturally find it
ardurous. The Electric light man doesn't turn up. Lottie is
going to karma – I fancy I have forgotten that item. Really, it
provokes me that, as I had set my wits to work at their most
optimistic. I don't think I could have arranged things better.
First number 52 gets studio (wh. we think to make £75 or) then
Jason coming here; then Lottie next door, & so keeping
Nelly in society. All could not have fallen out better, do for, I
say, being by no means ready to bait the derby, who can
always shew his claws. That reminds me of the celebrated
Mr. Rawell the other night at karma. (The jewis her
weekly party in the great gay drawingroom which is
nevertheless a little echoing & topsy & very very Child)
"just as I saw a chance of happiness, the doctor said
He said

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I had got cancer. My first thought was ~~if~~ that that was
one up to God. He had brought it off - just as I thought I saw a
chance of happiness. When I was just getting better; I had very nearly
died - my temperature was 107 twice over - the thing I liked was
the sun. I thought how nice to feel the sun & the rain still.
People came a long way after that. I wanted people very much,
but not so much as the sun. The old poets were very right.
They made ~~that~~ people think ~~that~~ death as young whom they
could not see the sun. So I have become an optimist
I realise now that I like life - I want to live. Before that
illness, I thought life was bad. It an odd thing - both
my pessimism & my optimism are instinctive (Hoyet
which he said was the deeper of the two.) So to
Charles Sayer, who is good all through; & then on to Moore.
Jem "When he first came up to Cambridge, he was the most
wonderful creature in the whole world. His smile was
the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. He believed in
Berkeley" (Chorley). Suddenly, something went wrong with him:
something happened to him & his work. Penelope Whorea was
nothing like so good as her essay on Judgment (?).
He was very fond of Hensworth. I don't know what happened -
it ruined him. Then he took to putting out his tongue after
that. Gen (?, that is) said he had no confleges. But
he's full of them. Watch him putting his tongue round his
mouth. I said to him once, Moore, have you ever told a
lie? "Yes" he said - which was the only lie he ever told.
He always speaks the truth at the Aristotelian.
Gentleman met me on my way here, & asked if I were going
No; I said. ~~not such a good~~. Good in speaking to night. ~~I was~~
~~old Had Hodgson it~~. Haldane made a speech once. -
old Had Hodgson had to pass a vote of thanks. He had had
an Epileptic fit that afternoon. He got up & said ~~it~~
talked nonsense - utter nonsense - & they asked me - And I

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had to thank Muldaur. Humph I'd ~~got~~ got ready to criticise every word argument he used. Never mind: I put them all into an article, & that money much thanker. " Jacked him, as I can't recognise, to write his life for the press. But my mind is absolutely relevant. Don't ramble. I stick to facts. Facts are what we want." Now the colour of your mother's hair.[2] "
She died when I was two — there you are — relevant facts.
I remember my grandfather's death.. me crying, & then thinking
it was over. I saw my brother drive up in the afternoon
crying Hooray! I cried. They told me I must not say
hooray. I stuck that day. I remember the servants all
looking very attentively at me when I was brought to Pembroke
Lodge after my father died. Whitehead's father, who was the
local parson, was sent for to persuade me that the earth
was round. I said it was flat. And I remember — some
Leaside place. now destroyed — remembered the sand, Thames.
We had no one to play with. — One does not like him.
Goethe is brilliant of course: perfectly artificial: fanciful, bathos, & his
jewels; his pupils: & yet & yet — the disappointment of the
perhaps? He has not much body of character. His
humorous rigorous mind seems attached to a flimsy little
car, like that on a large floating balloon. His adventures
with his worst despising his importance. And he has
no chin, & he is dapper. Nevertheless. He should like
the sun shine on his head perhaps. We panted at the corner & then
Square: no attempt to meet again.

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Wednesday 4th March

Really I'm wasting too much here. The twelve months at this rate will overflow. This is another provisional farewell, for I may have no time – (& thank God here's L: Gregyle knows the way he shuts the door & jumps down 2 pairs at a)

Wednesday March 12th

And I'm now going to write the very last pages ever to be written at Hogarth House. First: the state of the weather. It's as if a fine veil had descended – Cary, clear, over the chimneys; which are a pale yellow, & brick red. The veil closes to the horizon, & I do not see the pagoda or the trees of Kew. My head is stuffy & heavy. Last night we dined at Blenden's farewell party. 35 covers laid, 6 or 7 speeches made. I between honest Clarut coloured Roger Wright, & the nice, but melodramatic Lesley Lloyd. My little drama however was provided by Murry – Lloyd's neighbour – who shook hands about the fish course, warmly. Then again as people were going, came & sat beside me. This he whispered: I asked him to come & say his say before me at Carlton. "We're enemies". Not enemies. We're in different camps. But I've never said a word against you. Virginia "Nor I against you." But what is wrong with us? "You began out there –" Spreading his hands. "We make pattern & pretty words?" "No. But you won't begin with your friends – you're content to play at that. Why – always – by specific determination – you're content to play at that. Here we came into a most confused wrangle about "writing well". I said I said one must throw every ounce of energy into expression: & that the instinctive writer slaved there. Words! I beat stamps my words" said Murry. You mean to say that only men who work well can say what they mean. Stupid Virginia – but here L. came up, & Murry who was beginning on Jacob's Room scratched off to L's article a Moore. That typical: you don't go down to the root of things. Moore ought to have smacked on the bottom for talking about Hardy as he did. That disgraceful sentence about Hardy wandering a place by Cecil Lewis – as if Hardy thought of any place. Slapt me by Rhoda Broughton – L. defended: said we must go. So for that I shant meet Murry for 10 years. I want to finish the argument – Shall I come to the Adelphi? "No" Not unless you'll come to see me – Upon I make it shall stand on my rights –

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"You put it like that Jarvis," he said, ferociously (yet so pleasantly, with a rolling eyeball, & somehow leering eye, so that I kept thinking how he'd come down in the world, spiritually, what tenements they'd be sharing among) "And we said goodbye for ever. He liked me, he said; he had always liked me, & enjoyed meeting me like this. Off we went. How homely & trusty & sterling Francis Burrell was in comparison! So home that long cold exhausting journey for the last time. Some odds & ends of ideas came to me at the dinner. For me they have pungent presence waking in contrast with people's flesh. We were all toothless insignificant amiable nonentities - we Dobsons & Wilsons - Not a pig would I give for anyone's praise or curse. Jack Squire, fat, & consequential; Eddie Sloman grey & pathetic; Nevinson pink & white coloured, & a little graying blond, a big insurance himself; Tomlinson like the hard knob of a walking stick carved by a boy of 6: Blunden, despairing drooping, crow-like, rather than Keats like. And did we really all believe in Blunden's 'genius' that we read his poems? How much sincerity was there in the whole thing? The fuss is there collective gatherings must be floated by some conventional irony, in which all can join, like "He's a jolly good fellow," which Squire started. Gabbitas impressively did clear to me, but Hart Davis then at the moment. Nor at the moment can I thank Quennell for his beautiful & lovable home, which has done us such a good turn for almost precisely nine years, so that, as I said in last night's. Old Mr. Ho Tanner with his in my room now. a dee Thou, this predicted in two years time, among her china, his linen, & her great flowering wall papers, his father's bureau, & several cupboards wardrobes.

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Saturday April 9

52 Tavistock Sq.

Well I will make a brief beginning — after 3 weeks silence. But but but but

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shell of paint in the room, & Tom just coming up stairs to tea. She ran out & away from the telephone instinctively, ran round in an aimless way for a second. Then off they dashed - I after them, & so to the hospital holding hands in the cab: & then sheer agony. For there was Louie, with her foot bandaged, & no Angelica: only an evasive nurse parrying enquiries & taking us behind a screen where Angelica lay in bed, still, her face turned away. At last she moved. 'She's not dead" Duncan said. They both thought her dead. When the young dr came, & dared reluctantly & confidentially but formally to wish the mother to know that the case was hopeless: very grave: tumour across the stomach: Yet there may have to be an operation. The surgeon had been sent for, & was now in the train. So Nessa went back to sit there, & I saw again that extraordinary look of anguish, dumb, not complaining, what I saw in Greece. Think, when she was ill. The feelings of the people who don't talk express themselves then. My feeling was "a pang of pain shelters me. I'm only allowed to look on at this." at which I was half envious, half grieved. Moreover, I was sent off to find Clive, & so spared, or not allowed, the long wait there, in the chattering ward. It's a queer thought - come so close to agony as this, & just to be saved oneself. What I felt was, not sorrow or pity for Angelica, but that now Nessa would be an old woman; & this would be an indelible mark: & that death - & tragedy had once put down his paw, after letting us run a few paces. People never get over these early impressions of death I think. I always feel pierced. But there an end of this. Nothing was wrong with Angelica - it was only a joke this time.

It takes a long time to form a habit - the habit of living at 52 Mecklenburgh Sq. It is not quite formed, but doing well. Already I have spent a week without being

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bothered by noise. One ceases to hear or to see. ~~One~~ The dominant interests disappear absent themselves, make room by triumphing over the lower. I notice things much less than I did 10 days ago. Soon I shall be making a habit of life in this room.
As for work, I have done the Dr. chapter in my novel; am
[illegible] up the Greeks. The usual differences avail me.
My audience seems to me pretty flimsy sometimes. But ~~the~~
there is no principle, except to follow this whimsical brain
implicitly. Pare away the ill fitting. till I have the shape
I get. As that is no good, this the fault of God, after all.
That is that has made us, not we ourselves. I like that
keep text. I dont at all regret Richmond. Ethel Sands &c.
think I ought to mourn my beautiful room, ~~[illegible]~~ Violet
But I now behold what is more beautiful - the ~~Russell~~ Violet
in the evening sun there; pink cyclens like the Brighton
front. I regret Saturday afternoons a letter - How I
meander & drivel! Margery is on her holiday. I keep
her a morning. Wade has been a venerable vain
youth, with considerable grit in him, I judge. Sometimes
the future appears perilous; problematical rather, the
press that is. but always fruitful & interesting. I have
just nothing of my speech at the London Group, which
drew tears, or of a host of matters. On Monday we go to
Rodmell, the rest of your Nelly's endurance. And now
for the Elizabethans.

Grosvenor Lesser homes are precisely like
saloons in Victorian hens. & flourished broadway homes.
handsome ill-proportioned rooms; gilt chairs. pulled
tables; urns & vases disputed in pale nature on the
watered silk walls. Each wall has a picture —
Smugglers, coaching — so on; a little fire burns in
a large flute: a glass screen fends it off. & there
Nelly's Lord Bob perch, very chilly & formal. or
Drayton buying in little tea cakes.

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Monday.
May 5th

This is the 29th anniversary of Mothers death. I think it happened early on a Sunday morning, & I looked out of the nursery window - saw old dr Lettis walking away with his hands behind his back as if to say it is finished, & then the doors descending, to block in the road. I suppose, with a fake & defiant & infinite peace. I was 13, & could fill a whole page & more with my impressions of that day, many of them ill received by me, & hidden from the grown ups, but very memorable on that account: how I laughed, for instance, behind the hand which was meant to ~~shelter~~ screen hide my tears: & through the fingers saw the nurses sobbing, But enough of the dead - it is life that matters. We came back from Rodmell ~~to~~ days ago, after a royal Easter which Nelly survived heroically. After weeding I had to go in out of the sun; & how the sweet lapped me round! & then how dark I got, to be quite quiet: & how the beauty brimmed over me - I keeped my nerves till they quivered, as I have seen a water plant quiver when the water overflowed it - (This is not right, but I must use day spleen that sensation) Then my troubles with the novice here - did I have a headache, or what? I quite forget: being now come back again from Rodmell for the 2nd time, & eying up my fidgets in the old way. For it seems to me that this diary may die of London, if I'm not careful.

Monday
May
26th

London is enchanting. I sleep out upon a tawny coloured magic carpet. Seems to get carried into beauty without raising a finger. The nights are a magic, with all the white porticoes broad silent avenues. And people pop in & out, lightly, cleverly like rabbits: & I look down Southampton Row, wet as a dead black & red & yellow with rain shine, & watch the omnibuses going & coming, & hear the old Crossy organ. One of these days I will write about London, & how it takes up the previous life & carries it on, without any effort. Faces passing lift up my mind: present it from settling, and does me the ~~for~~ stillness at Rodmell.

But my mind is full of the Novel. I am now saying

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that I will work abt for 4 months, June. July. August & September,
& then it will be done, & I shall put it away for three months,
During which I shall finish my essays; & then that will be —
October, November, December — January: & I shall revise it
January February March April; & in April my essays will
come out; & in May my novel. Such is my programme.
It is taking off my mind fast & free now; as ever since the crisis of
August last, which I count the beginning yet, it has
gone quick, being much interrupted though. It is becoming
more analytical & human I think; less lyrical: but I feel as if
I had loosed the bonds pretty completely & could pour
every thing in. If so — well & good. Reading et cetera.
I earn it & so, am worth the time. And I like London for
working in, partly because, as Gray, like upholds one; &
with my squirrel cage mind, it is a great thing to be stopped revolving.
Then to see human beings freely & quickly is an infinite gain to me.
And I can dart in & out & refresh my stagnancy.
I have left the whole of yesterday unrecorded. Tidmarsh, Lambridge,
& new Rodmell: We had a queer little party here the other
day — when the minister & pedagogic Tom cut a queer figure.
I cannot wholly fix myself from suspicions about him —
at the worst they only amount to calling him an American
schoolmaster: a very vain man. He took me to hear (unrecorded)
& we both jeered & despised: & now he comes out in
the Criterion with solemn & flatulent rebuke of those who
jeer & despise. I taxed him, lightly with this: he sat
tight & said that he meant what he wrote: then what does he
mean by what he says? God knows. There is some thing
hide & Cornish, biting in the back, suspicious, elaborate,
uneasy, about him: much would be liberated by a
douche of pure praise, which he can scarcely hope to get.

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there was Philip Ritchie with his very clear cut nose. And Thankful as ever Dr Flower coming to discuss the P.S.S. & then just as my new red dress! Leonard thinks less well of me for powdering my nose, & wears spending money on dress. Never mind. I adore Leonard.

Saturday 14 June

Back from Whitsun at Rodmell, & just off to sit in Gordon Sq[e] with Nessa. Angelica; so my diary will be despatched; stifled by too much life. The unrecorded clogs my pen. Roger's story at the Etoile the other night was perhaps my most remarkable piece of news. "Something dreadful has happened to me" he said, staring very steadily with his great wide open eyes. At what?, very fearlessly. Laughed. "But it was dreadful," upon which. & the clock of my heart, it stopped beating, expecting Cancer. And then he told me the story of the mad French peasant woman who shot herself for love of him on the cliff at Starve looking towards England. And so my last chance of happiness is gone" said Roger. And so we walked down Tottenham Court Rd. in the pouring rain. I protesting affection. — Roger saying that he was fated; he was cursed; he had never had more than 3 weeks happiness in his life. "I have pleasure - I enjoy my friends - but no happiness" I see what he means. And he's so young. he says. — So fond of women. To which Nessa adds, pertinently, that he'd recover, & do it again - for I observe We can't help becoming cynical & merry. To hear us, (June night) would think we were heartless. But Still like Ott. Echo; been here Lamenting the how long can Roger love a woman without desiring her mad? This creature thought he laughed at her, seeing that he dyed vests yellow & sent them to her telling her to turn to the East & put them on, as a Cure for tuberculosis. And he sent her pictures of negro sculpture. For some reason, against my habit,

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I feel as if I should like to write a story of this.

Saturday June 21st — I am oh so sleepy; in fact just woken from a hot drowse. This week is a terrible week, & we went to a disillusioned party last night, after which I contemplated, seriously, some resentful form of suicide. I have my moods too. If present to sleepy, I would write about the soul. I think it time to cancel that vow against soul description. What was I going to say? Something about the violent moods grey soul. How dreadful them, even with a waking mind[2]. I think I grow more — more sportive — Perhaps I restrained it, for a time, like a plant in a pot, it begins to crack the earthenware. Then I feel the different aspects of life bursting my mind asunder. Morgan & two restrained in this new book perhaps. I mean, what do we see of facts at one time of life? Why build these careful cairns: why not say straight out — yes, but what? I met Sydney ~~the last~~ Waterlow last night, & was monosyllabic on purpose, — a bad thing to be: but I feared speaking & despite, & intended to keep myself free. He no doubt prescribes speaking out. Mary is married again; & I don't often think of Katherine with any vivid ness. I look forward with a little alarm to Dadie coming, chiefly I think that it connects us more seriously. But that will wear off soon. It seems to me the beginning of ten years of very hard work. I mean, for me. Mine I should hate failure: & not to fail, we must keep on peering forward, thinking, planning, imagining, letter writing, asking Vita to write, & & Siegfried to write, & Clifton, Nancy Cunard; I don't see how Maynard will get in, altogether, & rather anticipate some re arrangement. So far, no gossip & no soul. Yet I've seen — Bob, Desmond, Lytton, Jebram, Dorothy Young. Mrs Elliot — this last making me almost vomit, so talented, so pondered, so egotistic, so morbid, so weakly; & I already stale &

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talk sorra with the rest of your doings.

I am writing, writing, & see my way clear to the end now, & so shall sally to it, somehow or other. But I am invaded by drowsiness; & the Cant wants out what I had in my head to write before tea; can't even remember what it was: but thank God I am to the Parliament where I am sentenced, & then round to Gordon Sq^re & then home to dinner. & then finish Romeo & Juliet by the open window, in spite of the noise, with the lovely view, & so to sleep; & to wake & all the rest of it.

Thursday 3rd. July

This is Wade's second day. I looked out of my window, dressing, yesterday & saw him in grey with black border. Leonard, — Grizzle marching to the pillar box. Marjorie is ill, which is all to the good. Payment is blank: I say in the Parliament two days ago a book £5. Undoubtedly Lapsnei is increasing. all divine fun. But I have let Gamplin lapse until like a delaying wraith on my pen. That was last Sunday. And, reading over a Gamplin were the enamelled Lady Colefax, actually in this room, like a cheap branch of artificial cherries. yet loyal had, living on a tarnished plate of fact: as for Gamplin Wembley. "a man who was in Canada tells me" I happened to know the editor of the Daily Express" all the time slightly trembling in fear, inquisitive: not at all able to sink to the depths: but superb showmen of the pumpaa; which is bought, I suppose, & foam tipped. I can't bring myself to describe this gall as I ought. But aristocracy, worldliness, for ah this surface polish, are simply. Slippery coat the mind with sugar & butter, & make it slippery too. Solid Lord Berners, who might have cleft from an oak knot, had to seek stones. Could not endure silence, & much preferred laughter to Manner: amiable characteristics, Clive says. To me,

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after a time, laboriously & depressingly. Good prim priggish bright eyed Peter is a cut above that. I met him at dinner, & he sliced English literature up very prettily, with a pocket knife. [Here Wade came in & I had to make him tea; then we walked in the square in the rain; then called on the Stracheys, & I heard a good deal about Lord Lytton's blue dressing gown from Lady Strachey.]

Saturday July 5th

Just back, not from the 1917 Club; but from Knole, where indeed I was invited to lunch alone with Lord Sackville. The Lordship lives in the kernel & vast nut. Gin perambulates miles of galleries; step endless treasures - chairs, furniture, that Shakespeare might have sat on - tapestries, pictures. Floors made the babes groans; & penetrate at length to a round dining table with a cover laid for one. A dozen glasses form a circle each with a red rose in it. What can one human being do to to decorate itself in such a setting? One feels that one ought to be an elephant able to consume flocks & to hang about with whole plantations of fans: whereas one solitary peer sits lunching by himself in the centre, with his napkin folded into the shape of a lotus flower. Obviously, I did not keep my human values & my aesthetic values distinct. Knole is a conglomeration of buildings & gardens & parks, of which Tennyby Chase - Lady a beg a Lambrette I daresay: of the Duck Tremby Chase - kings together one might aggregate. But the Sackvilles - indeed the inward parts are gone dead. Roses fena off the Lily the rooms; the chairs & the pictures look preserved; life has left them. Not for a hundred years have the retainers sat down to dinner in the great hall. Then there is Mary Stuarts altar, where the frazed hope expelled. ancestor & ours took her the death warrant" said Vita.

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All these antelins & Centuren, & silver & gold, have bred a peasant body. She is stag like, or mad horse like, save for the paa, which feints & has no very sharp brain. But as a body she is perfection. So many rare & curious objects set on a brain like the pellets which perhaps may unfold later. I met no very intelligent right ~~sir~~ save beside Geoffrey Scott, — There was Lady Gerald Wellesley, & we motored down through Kent, which Vita loves: ah very fine & easy, supple jointed as the aristocrats: no inhibitions, no false reserves: any thing can be said: just as usual, that fatal simplicity & rapidity of mind which makes it seem all a little shallow, & empty. More mind, my dear — (I'm too jangled even to quote correctly). As a setting — preparation I always find this, & Ottoline, or any artistocrats that I knew, to be perfection. But one waits, & nothing happens. Not but what Harold, sitting on the iron bar before the great burning logs, gently beating the band from the baldaquin, or what ever it's called, with his forehead, was trusty & honest & reserved. He wore a blue velvet jacket. I liked him better than the suaver & supple Geoffrey. I rather respect Geoffrey respected me; smelt me to be of their kind; not the aristocrats, & caught himself winking at me, like a couple of raga muffins. I did not like to be reminded of his raga muffin days. He reserved bitterly to Florena & Berenson & that awful society. But. it's the breeding of Vita's that I took away with me as an impression. carrying her & Knole in my eye as I travelled up with the lower middle classes. There is Knole, capable of housing all the desperate poor of Judd Street, & work only that one solitary Earl in the Kennel. Maynie has pneumonia; & we are likely to be worked off our feet. Mss. pour moi; & then Seven becomes a serious beginning.

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Saturday August 2nd

There we are at Rodmell, & I write 20 minutes to fill in before dinner. A feeling of depression is on me, as if we were old & near the end of all things. It must be the change from London & incessant occupation: then, being set a few words to my book – the death of September, – I begin to count myself a failure. Now the point of the Pen is that it entirely prevents brooding; & will give me something solid to fall back on. Anyhow, if I can't write, I can make other people write: I can build up a hypothesis. The country is like a convent. The soul shrinks to the tip. Julian has just been – Jane, a tall young man, who, intellectually ~~lives of Lytton~~ a believing myself to be young as I do, seems to me like a younger brother: Anyhow we sit & chatter, as easily as can be. It's all so much the same – his school continues Rugby school. He tells me about boys & masters as Rugby used to. It interests me just in the same way. He's a sensitive, very quick witted rather combative boy: full of Wells, & discoveries, & the future of the world. And, being young & blood, easily understood – going to be very tall, & go to the Bar, I daresay. Nevertheless, in spite of the fees stumbling, with which they began, honestly I don't feel old; & it's a question of getting up my steam again in writing. If only I could get into my vein & work it thoroughly daily, early, & instead of hacking at this miserable 200 words a day. And then, as the unexplored floor. What the old fear of it. I shall read it & find it pale. I shall prove the truth of Murry's saying, that there's no advance way of going on after Jacob's Room – Yet of this book proves anything, it proves that I can only write along those lines, & shall never desert them, but explore further & further, & shall, heaven be praised, never bore myself or anybody.

But

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this slight depression — what is it? I think I could cure it by
crossing the channel, & walking nothing for a week.
I want to see something foreign & lively without help from me:
a French market town for example. Indeed, have I this
energy. I'll cross to Dieppe; or compromise by exploring
Jersey on a motor bus. August ought to be hot. Deluges
descend. We sheltered under a haystack today. But oh the
delicacy & complexity of the soul — for, herein I began to
tap, her & listen to her breathing &c ah? A change of
house makes me oscillate for days. And that's life; that's
wholesome. Never to survive is the lot of Mr Allenson
Mr. Hart Stanhope, & Jack Squire. In two & three
days, acclimatised, started, reading & working, no more of this
with Eyot. And if we didn't live venturesomely, plucking the
wild goat by the beard, & trembling over precipices, we
should never be descended, I've no doubt: but already
should be faded, fatalistic & aged.

Sunday 3rd August

Now it's already spring, my silver mist, & I did quite recognise myself
yesterday. L- has been telling me about Germany, & separation,
& ~~pageant~~ how meanly it paid. Lord what a weak brain I
have — like an unused muscle. He talks: & the facts
come in, & I can't deal with them. But by dint of
very patient brain-exercise, perhaps I understand a little
more than Nelly & the International situation. And L-
understands it all — picks up all these points at the
Daily Paper absolutely instantly. Has them connected,
ready to produce. Sometimes I think my brain & his
are of different orders. Were it not for my flash of
imagination, & this term for books, I should be a
very ordinary woman.

No faculty of mine is really

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very strong.

But it a serious work. I am already a good deal pulled together by thinking at my books: my 250 words at setting first, & then a systematic beginning, I daresay the 50th, upon the Common Reader, who might be puzzled in a Flash I think, did I see the chance to flash & have done with it. But there's a lot of work in these things. It struck me, I must now read Pilgrim's Progress. Mrs. Hutchinson. And Pamela? demolish Richardson? whom I've never read. Yes, I'll run through the ram into the House & get Clarissa. is there. But that a block entry day, a long long novel. Then I must read the Medea. I must read a little translated Plato.

Addison 1672-1719
Defoe 1659-1731
Pepys 1660
Evelyn 1660

Friday August 15

Into all these calculations broke the death of Monrad, followed by a note from the Lit. Sup. Earnestly asking me kindly to do a leader on him, which flattered, & tugged, but grudgingly, I did; & it's out; & that number of the Lit. Sup. corrupted for me (for I can't & never shall be able to, read my own writings - Moreover, new little Walkleys on the open path again) Effect a note next Wednesday. Yet I have never never worked so hard. For having to do a leader in 5 days, I made hay after tea - a concession dishonest tea hay from morning hay entha - to commit this give me two extra hours for critical works anyhow (as Logan calls them)? So I'm trying it - my pitch before lunch, & then away after tea. For I see that Mrs Dallaway is going to stretch beyond October. In my forelands I always forget some most important intervening scenes: I think Nan so straight at the grand party & so end: forgetting September, which is a very intense & ticklish business, - Jumping Peter Walsh eating his dinner, which maybe

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some obstacle two. But I like going from one lighted room to another, such is my train to me: lighted rooms; & the walks with fields are corridors; & now today I'm lying & thinking. By the way, why is poetry wholly an elderly taste? When Jowett 20, in spite of Plato, who used to be so present & fascinating; I could not for the life of me read Shakespeare for pleasure: now it lights me as I walk to think. Have 2 acts of King John tonight, & shall next read Richard the 2nd. This poetry that I want now — long poems. Indeed I'm thinking of reading the Segons. I want the concentration & the romance, & the words all glued together. Jured, flowing: have no time to waste any more on prose. Yet this must be the very opposite to what people say. When I was 20 I liked 18th Century prose; I liked Macaulay, Meremée & I read memoirs of Carlyle, Scott's life & letters, Gibbon, all sorts of two volume biographies, & Shelley. Now it's poetry I want, & I repent like a tipsy sailor in front of a humble house.

We went to Charleston, & the keepers (so they are now called) with Robertson in attendance came here. Lydia (called her Regia by mistake) loves crumbs sticking to her face. And maynard is grown be very thick & opulent; but I like him for his innocency. At Charleston there the fat boy in that blue cotton trousers — Quentin that is; almost a street night, now that's her back. Fatter than ever. Julian rather nervous & jeune dramatic. Comparison; & old Roger lean, brown, & truculent, attacking Sent Shaw, then Conrad, & taking Lis Journalism as literally & belligerently as usual. O these Quakers! I don't think he's very happy though, & that affair at Harvard Shaws at his, in the midst of family life, I've no doubt

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I don't even trouble now to describe Cornfields & Groups of harvesting women in loose blues & reds & little starry yellow starched veils. But that's not my eyes fault: coming back the other evening from Charleston again all my nerves stood upright, flushed, electrified (what's the word?) with the sheer beauty abounding & superabounding. So that one almost resents it, not being capable of catching & holding it all at the moment. This prospect thought life is made immensely interesting by trying to grasp all these developments as one passes. I feel as if I were putting out my fingers tentatively as (here is Leonard, who has ordered me a trap in which to drive Dadie to Lewes tomorrow) rather rash as I slope down a funnel, rough with odds & ends. And I don't describe encounters with herds of Alderneys anymore – though this would have been necessary some years ago – how they bashed – bellied like stags round Grizzle; & how I waved my stick & stood at bay; & thought of Homer as they came flowering & trampling towards me: some mimic battle. Grizzle glared more & more insolent & flicked & twitched about yapping. Egad! That Greek, for all my eagerness, has worked its way into me.

Mayor is printing her second edition, Stephen doing very well, Leys publishing. Nancy Cunard extremely Mrs. Devonshire respecting; Ragnes very brisk all round, & I issuing a circular to all exhibitors at the Royal Academy of Dancers for Mayor meanwhile convalescing, presumably & the question after future with us comes up to be decided.

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Sunday
Sept 7th

This a disgrace that I write nothing, only I write, write Mostly, using nothing but present participles. I find them very useful in my last lap of Mrs. D: There I am now - at last - at the party, where is to begin in the kitchen, & climb slowly upstairs. This to be a most complicated speckled solid piece, knotting together Everything & ending on three notes, at different stages of the staircase, Each saying something to sum up Clarissa. Who shall say these things? Pete, Richard, or Sally Seton perhaps: but I dont want to tie myself down to that yet. Now I do think this might be the best of my endings, & come off, perhaps. But I have still to read the first chapters, & confess to dreading the madness rather: & being clever. However, I'm sure I've now got to work with my pick at my dear, & only because my metaphors come free, as they do here. before one can keep the quality of a sketch in a finished & composed work? That is my endeavour. Anyhow, none can help & none can hinder me any more. I've been in for a shower of compliments two from the Times, Richmond rather touching me by saying that he lives next to my novel with all the rest in the world. I shoned like him to read my fiction, & always suppose he does.

We had Dadie twice to stay: Clive. May yesterday: I kept a night at Charleston: & went to Yorkshire: rather an odd disjointed wet summer, with people dropping in, Kelly rather moping, but loyal, Arkham offered us one Evening by Mr Gann, as he was poking his corn carts, & wetting at their slackness. I was tempted after 24 hours to buy it. We might get it for £1,500. But then it's dark & damp; & the loveliness might not quite compensate. The garden less flowerishes. We put off

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deciding. We could let it go on, which we could not then.
It is that to fear being tied, is no doubt foolish. Norman Lee
was here one night; making it quite plain that only certain
sorts of people could have the Eye of his Needle: & having cut
down very thick: one of these proud sturdy unbompromising men,
whom Mr. L.L.D. would like, very able, trusty; paying no
attention to art of any kind, & enforcing his virtue at every turn —
but his virtue of course. "They belong to the gentlemanly side
of the family." Instruct Oxford. Wishes to work as closely as
he can. Hopes to live in the East End & educate working men.
Wife spends £150 on Garden: their Dentistry, Luther only
pleasure. Won't like taking fees, wh. mean that children
go without boots. Margot met Thackerays daughter & was
only reassured when I heard a way dinner. & talked
of religion, morality, his Journal with the Colonial Office,
how he was besieged; probably too much in short: but a
very nice man.

Sept. 15th. Here I am waiting for L. to come back from London, & at this hour,
having been wounded last year when he was late. I always feel
the old wound twinging. He has been seeing Stanley Leonard, &
I expect a fair gossip. Vita was here for Sunday, sliding down
the village in her large new blue Lanchester car, which
the manager complimentarily. She was dressed in riding
fellow breeches jersey, a large hat, & had a dazzling car
ash fish & silver & night gowns washed in Persil.
Nelly said "If only she weren't an honourable!" —
couldn't take her hot water. But I like her being
honourable, & she is it. a perfect lady, with all the
dash & courage of the aristocracy. & less grit,
childishness than I expected. She left work as a

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story which really interests me rather. I see my own face in it, it's true. But she has shed the old vestiges, & come to terms with some sort of slimness of art; so I think: & indeed, I rather marvel at her skill, & sensibility; for is she not mother, wife, great lady, hostess, as well as scribbling? How little I do guess that: my brain would never let me walk it to the tune of 20,000 words in a fortnight. & so I must lack some central vision, I suppose. Here I am, peering across Vita at my friend Mrs Dalloway; & can't stop, can't think of the next scene. 2 Now I'm to wind up. Vita, to attempt a return, is like an over ripe fruit in features, mountached, fronting, with be a bitter heavy; meanwhile, the thighs on fine legs, in a well cut skirt, & though embarrassing at breakfast, has a manly good sense & simplicity about her which broke & I find satisfactory. Oh yes, I like her: could talk her on to my Espalier for all time; & suppose of life allowed, this might be a friendship for ever. The clock strikes 7, & I wonder of Mean Leonard, above the grey wild wind, talking to Nelly in the kitchen. Quiggle pricks a Gaur his flat again. Its works & works. Here has the postman been, making me choke a little, born sentimentalist that I am, by hoping so honestly & sincerely that M Woolf would address the I L P at Lewes a the League of Nations. Their next offering boasts: Does Mary, the postess of the pond, talk to postmen about the League of Nations? I like their trust & admiration; & the swing from Knole & Lord Sackville's invitation (I s R his favourite novel) to postmen talking the local meetings, which indeed seem to me, letting up matter of the highest importance. All this inspires me

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in thinking that were Felicity & Mosaics; not as they used to hold
immaculately, in one's letters, Contentment whole. Then I scribble, &
what use will this be for my Post memoirs writing age?
While Vita was dictating the murder of Mr Joshua, Ottoline's
Literature. Then she took us to Charleston – & how one's
mood turned round – it looked all very grey & shabby &
woody cut in the light then pierced. As for Monks House,
it became a ruined barn, & we pick-nicking in the rubbish heap.
And then I regained my zest for life about ten hours later.
Now to the home, waiting for L.

Monday Sept. 29th. A fortnight later: waiting feverishly to test my new pen-nib (purchasing fountain pen-holder) feverishly to groom my dear man. Only Karin: Ann: only a wild hole blown in my last chapter. Then I was performing in the highest other known to me, & thinking I'd finish by Thursday: Lottie suggest to Karin we'd like to have Ann: Karin interpret my polite reproval to her own advantage & come down handsomely on Saturday, blow my everything to smithereens. More & more am I solitary: the pleasure others's pleasure is incalculable: & Vanessa & Julian & Esther – She saw nothing. "Disturbing the flow of inspiration?" she said this morning, having thought & thought entitled the door till I had to fetch cotton wool. And it down in vain my hours: my writing broken: & I left in the bare ground. Odd, very odd, how violent this has become. I dread even going back to London. Yes. I'm in the crisis & of this last chapter. The back aches. But what cares Karin! That the rub. She's mightily Charles & planters with some other burdens & makes off well pleased at having got her way.

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Wednesday I years ago I heard in the Gallery very volumes that she'd
set what can be got by asking, nothing more?
There is a case of perpetual deafness: the mean nothing of people
thought: that is why there is so many unhappy, & not an
affliction, not her fault: certainly over mountains. Here I am
with my wrecked week – for how serene & lovely like a
Lapland night was our last week together – feeling
that I ought to go in & be a good agent – ah. I'm not
by nature: ought to ask Mary what she wants: &
by night I felt there moments full of Mrs Dalloway,
party for tomorrow morning. The only solution
is to stay on alone over Wednesday, & try my luck.
Bad night (& down again) may partly account
but then entirely. There is my imagination: how
completely depend upon years of thought, coming as I
walk, as I sit: there: Charming up in my mind
& so making a perpetual pageant: what is to be
my happiness. Yet how can work with readers &
people. How words must now have ending, partly
because I can not see, & my hand shakes, having carried
my bag from Lewes, where I sat in the castle top, where an
old man was training roses, & told me how to
cure lumbago: get fig a skein of silk round the:
The silk cost 3 pence. I saw Bucket Common,
& the oldest Lough in Surrey 1750 found at
Shoreditch, & a part of carriage said to be have been
worn at Seringapatam. All this I should
like to write about, I think.

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And of course children are wonderful & charming creatures. I've had fun in talking about the whole real, & wanting me to read to her, and how Karen manages to be so always I don't think. Theirs a frailty in their minds to her very adorable: to be alone with them, I see them day to day would be an extraordinary experience. They have what the poem says has — that Directness - Charles, Charles Charles, as Anne goes, in a kind of world of her own, with its seals & dogs; ~~so~~ blessed hubby between this journey to have cocoa tonight, & go blackberrying tomorrow. The walls of her mind all hung round with such bright vivid things, & she doesn't see what we see. But I'm forgetting Mayor- & only scribble till, as I hope in 15 minutes, the gate goes & L. comes. We have lost £100 a year, & he need no longer attend the office - a great gain. Now I hope for his book. I also begin to cherish dreams of returning to a lovely home in the country, & there writing — once we get the press on its feet, & daily attendant then recalls Mayors. I thought her gloomy & cheap in 1917, Enough, at first, with the harping on the necessity of a nanny & young men, which becomes so dreary when she said, "I don't like it." The upshot of the affair is that we have to engage her as sec. at £3 a week & she depends absolutely on that. Then it where is she to live? in Bloomsbury, with a girl - It all charms & precipitous, like a modern novel; but I suppose she will marry Tom Marshall.

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Friday
Oct 17th.

Mrs Dalloway. I did run up stairs thinking I'd make time to write that astounding fact — the last words of the last page on Mrs Dalloway; but was interrupted. Stephen died from a week ago yesterday. "For there she was!" & I felt glad to be just quit; for it has been a strain the last weeks, yet fresher in the head: with less I mean of the usual feeling that I've shaved through & just kept my feet on the right rope. I feel indeed rather more fully relieved of my meaning than usual — whether this will stand when I re-read is doubtful. But in some ways this book is a feat: finished without break from illness, wh. is an exception: a written really, in one year; & finally, written from the end of March to the 5th of October without more than a few days break for writing journalism. So it may differ from the others. Stephen, I feel that I have explored the shell wh. Murry & others said I had laid myself under. The only difficulty is to hold myself back from writing others. my cul-de-sac, as they called it. Sketches so far, & shows such as Jacob's Room

Jacob's Room

signs. I see already The Old Man.

But enough, enough — yet what should I write here & keep my writing? Odd how conventional morality always encroaches. One must not talk freely as one must not be seen &c. Even in complete privacy there ghosts slip between me & the page. But I must here break off to go to the front door that wonderful lamplit street, which has become more lovely more unreal through my double windows. And I've shielded writers. This house is now perfect. The thicker the heat-proof I've ever had.

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the thought of Katherine Mansfield comes to me – as usual rather reproachfully – first wishing she could see Southampton Row, thinking of the dulness she dealt, lying there at Fontainebleau – an end where there was no end, & then thinking yes, if she'd lived, she'd have written on, – people would have seen that I was the more gifted – that would only have become more & more apparent. Indeed, so I suppose it would. – I think often in this way of an on – that strange ghost, with the eyes far apart, & the flaxen mouth, flapping lonely across her room. And Murry married again to a woman who spends an hour on the W.C. & so the Angels have turned their backs. Murry whines pathetically per- -sists in the Adelphi: That's a wonderful page you've hit by the way, Murry. But I stick to it: & I had our relationship; & never again shall I have one like it.

Lytton dined here the other night – a processed evening. Oh I was right to be in love with him 12 or 15 years ago. He's an essential symphony his nature when all the notes jet playing as they did the other night; so deep, so fantastic. We rambled early. He is in love again with Philip Ritchie. And hurt a letter: still capable of pain; but knows it now ridiculous, which hurts him too & he feels it. For when I asked if we could help he was touched. We talked of his writing, & I think now he will write another book; of mine; by the School of Provence, he said; then of Meynard; one rose thing delectable; should have married Barbara; grown fat; of Nessa's picture, which he may buy (I want to see Nessa at this moment. – She's gone to Norfolk to look after Roger, & I hope she won't take it. – have London & Charleston & this hill here, & L. may go to India – that's been brooding over me since I came back & he loved me at

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tra the first afternoon, Tuesday, how he'd been asked to go by
the I.L.P. & wanted very much to go & take a week off to
see Hambanton what a little hunt me - But I said to myself
this is a side glance I've not to cast on. I must face that two.
Still nothing has been heard, though I think a little dread the morning
post, but this is concealed from L - of the West. It would be
after the Election, at in Nov. Yes, after the Election, for
owing to the defeat of the Govt. in the Campbell Case, we are
now condemned to a dose of this every morning: the usual
yearly Schoolboys Wrangle has begun. If I were still a
feminist, I should make capital out of the wrangle. But
I have travelled on - as K. M. said to me, she saw me as a
Ship far out at Sea - But K. M. always said affectionate
admiring things to me, poor woman, whom in my own way I
suppose I loved. Human affections are not to be called
by very strong, or rather very positive names, I think.
Here's poor old Jacques writing to me, & Gwen wants to
come & see me, after 11 years: a relationship revived
by the art of the pen, across France. I rather
dread such reveals: partly vanity: you're fatter, less
beautiful: changed: so self-conscious am I: & then -
the effort. Seeing people, now I do them so rarely, is
an effort. Why ... Phil Baker is standing as a
Labour candidate. Irene will have his teeth filed &
set him on - (a scrap of real dialogue). (Did I
put down my progress towards Perpetual Immortality
(to quote one of Peggy Webling's Wishes as a child - a
Brief I'm sorry, it should be done!) I asked
Todd £10 for 1,000 words: the orders 4 articles
at that fee: Harper wishes me (I think) to write an

American Mowers & Bennetts; & Vogue, (Mrs Wadé) is going
to take up Mrs Woolf, to boom her: a-a-a -
So very likely this time next year I shall be one of those
people who are so fallen said, in the little circle of London
Society which represents the afterlife, I think on a larger
scale. Or does this no longer exist? To know everyone
worth knowing. I can just do what he meant: just
imagine being in that position - as women can be. Lytton is:
Maynard: Ld. Balfour: not perhaps Hardy. which
reminds me I ought to dash in Mrs. Hardy on a mewing
home, having had her Tennyson cut out: write Miss
Charlotte Mew. Nothing very exciting even as a boast not
very exciting now. H. remembers your father: did not like
many people, however found them: talks them often.
Would like to know you. But I cant easily get into
that relation: the daughter grateful for old compliments to
her father. Yet I should like to see him; to hear him -
say something. But what? one or two words about a
flower, or a new, or a garden chair, perhaps.

(It strikes me that in this book I practise
writing: also my scales: yes & work at certain
effects. I dare say I practised Jacob here: Mrs D.
& shall ~~see~~ invent my next book here: for
here I write merely in the spirit - great fun this too
& old V: of ~~to~~ 1940 will do something in it too.
She will be a woman who can do, old V: everything -
more than I can I think - But I'm tired now.

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Sat. Nov. 1st

I must make some notes & work: for now I must buckle to. The question is how to get the 2 books done. I am going to skate rapidly over Mrs. Dr: but it will take time. No: I cannot say anything much to the point, for what I must do is to experiment next week: how much revision is needed, & how much time it takes. I am very glad at getting my essays out before my novel. Yesterday I had tea in Mary's room & saw the red lighted ships & heard the swish of the river: Mary in black with lotus leaves round her neck. If one could be friendly with women, what a pleasure — the relationship so secret & peculiar compared with relations with men. Why not write about it? Frankfully? As I think, this diary writing has greatly helped my style: loosened the ligatures. We had a party the other night — S. Sanoon; R. Mortimer, Vanessa. Nancy Cunard should have come — the little amorous flibbertigibbet with the startled honeyeyes, & all the green stones hung about her. We met at Raymonds. & she flopped into easy desperate-sounding chatter, as if the drift mind saying everything — everything — had no shadows no secret places — lived like a lizard in the sun, & let man by nature for the shade. And I should be re-reading her poem to choose a title. As usual, I am, & think myself, snowed under with work to do; & this is cut into by hours of solid pleasure — going to the pictures tonight; & Juggia on Monday. For its music I want: to stimulate, suggest. We went to Ham spray on a wet misty day, & saw what the view might be in the sun: a flat meadow with trees in groups like people talking leading to the downs. We walked to the top with Carrington; but the young men, P. Ritchie & Jenhouse, are a little simple minded — for Lytton like that sort, —

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thus blankets himself. Lawrence was as if recently beaten by Ralph - Is he really rather dull, I asked myself? or merely a sun flower out of the sun? We came home in the rain, & a man stopped L. to ask if his dog was a bitch: an angler, he was, & I wanted to ask had he caught a fish. We travelled down with Sydney. Being rather ashamed of my temper - for one should never walk on people on theory - I was affable, yet discreet. Talked the whole time, but did not suggest future meetings. We hit it off successfully I think. And did I want John Rankin to be present at Mrs Dalloway? Not I think, very reasonably, & I see no harm in being faithful to old friendships. His little boy is what he cares for. Imagine; there was less protestation than usual.

Murry is "Remembers" on Keats & Mr. Lawrence "Remembers" less; has a megalo maniac. They started a publishing house, like ours; which went smash, or never started which has killed Koteliansky; & Lawrence, who thought the whole of London would flock after him to Mexico, has retired there with Brett alone.

See this Sydney sees clearly & comically, but intimates that there are depths beneath. I rather think the poor man is clambering out, though. Now, for good news sake, let me read a little - His reading, not writing, that suffers in London -

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Tuesday 18th Nov

Lady Colefax interrupts. I ask him to take me to Queen's — to there.

What I was going to say was that I shall write my next formal. The arrangement be respected. This struck me reading some of my notes here. For, if one lets the mind run loose, it becomes egotistic: personal. which I detest: like Robert Graves. At the same time the regular form must be there: & perhaps to cover it, one must begin by being chaotic, but not appear in public like that. I am drawing my way through the mixed Chapters of Night & Day. My wonder is why the book would have been better without them. But there is an after thought, consequent upon learning how to deal with her. Always, I think at the end, I see how the whole ought to have been written.

Lady Colefax has made me tremble. I cannot write. Her were, I was rather, at Mary's farewell party last night, & suffer today - having, first, broken my watch, at 3.15. owing to a policeman calling: I having hotted water over the fire in the basement: my ineptitude cold & as if rolled in sand, which money will persists. The office clause pretended to be clever. Well Cooper, Lady Diana & all that set, as they say: & my chief amusement came from seeing them as a set: that is the only merit of their parties, that under the drab compose differently flow the what they do in private. the tea groups: get wholes: general impressions: from the many things being combined. No doubt Proust could say what I mean - that great writer whom Hanner

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friend when I'm correcting, so permanent is her. We make it seem easy to write well: which only means that one is. Nothing always can be covered that. Do they [illegible] give one an inkling into, within my writing ages reading here. Mrs Bozanquet.

Dadie came back yesterday & we had a jolly afternoon – she infinitely better than a party at Rose House! – Although I did to Mary on the telephone, doing up Friend. I in tweed jackets, for this freezing, & hair down; he in shirtsleeves. They one gets to know people: Duke the narrow one, not poised on the edge of chair on the stepping floor, trying to laugh, & being spurred by wine & sugar cakes. Clive glowing change into an effusive clergyman very loud, familiar, & dashing at once. Lytton sits in her own green shade, only emerging when the gentle gently come in. Philip Ritchie thanks, rather too highly strung, as notice from Lytton always makes them. Swan impressed by Nessa, who went to their party, for which we were all titivating & dressing up in her old red brown dress which I think she made herself. (Thursday Nov. I believe it is) Telling the rhythm in working that muller. Could I get my tomorrows more regs. Rhythm right – that skip take the step going sentence at the right moment – I should feel it off. — There is a good deal in this which I should like to think out; it's not style exactly – the right words – it's a way of [illegible] the thought not gone – Thank God, I hear Li Kee: Angelo gets up & stands still. new way; & then walk trots to the door. A very cold damp foggy night. But I was saying that I admired Nessa's utter independence & what people say, which triumphs, over all the tubular crisp heads. Elizabeth

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Saturday, the 13th Dec.

Personally, no doubt I meant to add. But that is all faded out and the diary may deny not pardon, but the Press. For 14 days we have been in the thick of a long press revolution - Wadie going Marconi going, Marconi staying, Angus dandyon coming: that is the final result, but achieved only at the cost of 40 million words. For my own part I could never see Wadie as a permanent partner, Dadie in his silver grey suit, pink shorts, with his powdered pink & white face, his nerves, his manners, his love of praise. Angus, however, after 3 days, already seems to me permanent & dependable. As I always talk of money here, a compliment & rebuff, first I will own that my pamphlet is the worst seller of them all, then that Harpers offer me "at least £50" for an Times leader article! And once upon a time I was type, to Get £15 out of Jack Square! So I am suffering 3 articles a year, to Richmond; & this, strict practice, will help us on the road to setting up the Nation, to which goal I look always, though the plague has many persecutes. I am now galloping over Mrs. Dalloway, re-typing it entirely from the start, which is more often what I did with the V.O. a good method I believe, as then one works with a wet brush over the whole, & commits part & separately composed & gone dry. Really, I sincerely I think it the most interesting of my novels (but have not read it cold blooded yet) The reviewers will say that this disjointed because of the madness not connecting with the Dalloway scenes. And I suppose there is some superficial flittery writing. But is it "unreal"? Is it mere accomplishment? I think not. And as I think I said before, it seems to have me plunged deep in the richest state of my mind. If I can write & write & write now: the happiest future in the world.

A London winter is full of bright rooms, pleasures

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through dark Mesty to scenes of brilliancy; but I only recall tea with Ethel Sands, a lunch with Ly Colefax, Sybil by the way she is now, a party last night at Sumbos, which Irene Ruden & very young gave me a good deal of pleasure. Ray is prettily like a very fine tabby, which, having been castrated, has grown to an enormous size, & does nothing more. She sits smiling out of her green blue Cats eyes. She is lending us, rather to my perplexation, her new novel. I have read also Julia Strachey whom I cross examined; the gifted wastrel. Leys & Vita are both in great demand, Jenkin. Osbert has written urgently this morning, & Angus Irving is in a hurry. But I will not let the Press entirely devour this page. I am rather cross with Marjorie, about her objecting to my criticism of her private life, & then taking 3 weeks holiday, which will leave us very little, & heaven knows when. But then she seems in a state of nerves - terrified of getting ill, terrified of leaving us, jumpy, unhappy, now on edge, now obsequious, having Tom Marshall about the place, & Ralph Wright - & Cyril to divorce, which, to my thinking, distract her mind from her work, & lessen my chances of getting my books - but the thing to aim at is an impersonal, amicable footing. Angus, less sympathy, more work. Vita & I love & loathe people what ever they may say, & Clive & Lytton, people crowd to the press. I can't be beaten off. Mrs Nicolson Murphy was ready to come. Angus flopped like ripe fruit from the tree. Vita explains that the Pairs of Redcliffe, her cousin, implores her to resist the contamination of Bloomsbury, personified as Serpent Destroyer, V.W. They like. help mend their.

Their quarrel has been made up.

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Monday
Dec 21st

Really this a disgrace — the number of blank pages in this book. The effort of keeping on diaries is decidedly bad. I fancy the leanest of them all, & I doubt that Nan take it to Rodmell, or if she did, whether I could add much. Indeed Nan been an eventful year, as I prophesied: & the dreamer of Jan. 3rd ~~could~~ has dreamt much of her dream true: here we are in London, with Nelly alone, wedic some of it true, but Angus to replace him. What emerges is that changing houses is not so cataclysmic as I thought: after all one doesn't change body & brain. Still I am absorbed in "my writing", putting on a spurt to have 15,000 words of Coleridge for L. to read at Rodmell: & then in I dart to deliver the final blows to the Common Reader, & then — then I shall be free. Free at least to write out one or two more stories which have accumulated. I am less & less sure that they are stories, & what they are. Only I do feel fairly sure that I am grazing as near as I can to my own ideas. & getting a tolerable ~~shape~~ shape for them. I think there is less & less wastage. But I hear my wife & doctors. As for fame & money, Oliver Lang asked for me in the Dial. £50, apparently, from Harper. Clearly, as L. said, we are safe to make, both of us, as much as we want by our pens. Never again, I dare say, shall we agitate about getting £45 from Jack Squire.

So much of my time goes talking — talking to Mary in the basement, to particular people like Ethel Sands, Elena Rechmond, Vita, up here, that when I write, I tend to meditate: to fancy my own praises, & sum up the months work.

How sharply recently something brings one out — or rather shows one! Roger the other night with Vita for instance. He became the nonconformist undergraduate at once, the obstinate young man, (I could see him ~~at~~ in, with his honest unaccommodating eyes) who

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will not say what he does not believe to be true. The effect on Vita was disastrous: a pure heart is a doubtful possession: it means often lack of imagination. It means self assertiveness, Jenny rather better than other people: a queer fact in Roger to unearth after so many years of smooth intercourse. For the most part he is so sympathetic. His Quaker blood protests against Vita's rich warm fluid: & she has the habit of praising & talking indiscriminately about art, which goes down in her set, but not in ours. It was all very thorny until that good fellow Clive came in, addressed himself to conciliate dear old obtuse, aristocratic, pannuché, Grenadier like Vita. Then came Sprott; a dull dog if ever there was one. We have also seen Aldington, who calls like a tradesman for orders; a bluff, powerful, rather greasy eyed, nice downright man, who will make his way in the world, which I don't much like people to do. All young men do it. No young women; or no women in their flowering; in men I approve. Its these reflections I want to crunch & mix with; or there are coming them.

Marjorie & I kneed - there above the little grave we kneed again with tears. My coldness, she said, had made it impossible for her to work. We explained, standing in the doorway. I like her. I like her inner integrity, after cutting through that rather cheap, bargain counter like surface.

All our Bloomsbury relationships flourish, & grow in closeness. I suppose over 10 years. I tremble to think how thickly knit & grown together ours will be. At Christmas I must write a sixth Letter & may dedicate the common reader to him. And that's the last of my books to be dedicated, I think. What do we

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talk about? I wish I could ~~be~~ write conversation.

Wish Elena was discussed women's dress: the sitting there so naturally & ornate, in a S. Kensington way, with pearls, & a tiger flounced black coat, all black, substantial, & middleaged.

I love driving. I went ~~drove~~ with my grandmother on a driving tour, with Kentish horses. We did about 20 miles a day. I was at a party the other night when ~~Mr~~ everyone said how charming Mrs Carnegie (you remember Mrs Chamberlain, Virginia?) looked, dressed in a setting pink dress, cut low: every single woman in the room was dressed in a chemisette dress of georgette. Wardi was a great success. "What ~~perfect~~ enchanting creature" she called him, believed I think to be a human being here.

Vita talked about criticism. Ly G. Wellesley wants to found a 2nd Hawthornden prize for poets only. I said it should be for critics. What are critics, said Vita: & added, being engagingly a student of reviews she can look, a little milk steeped indeed that no two critics took the same view. This started Roger on aesthetic criticism, constructive criticism. We go over the same things, undoubtedly. The pen however is always casting up wreckage. People come as most days. I enjoy my printing afternoons, a check at the Savoy way of life - for it were always waiting, or merely relapsing from waiting. I should be like an inbreeding rabbit, - my progeny becoming weakly albinos. A man called Peter Miller met at Jumbos confirmed me in this the other night. She needs a sword many men now. There a little Flemish like creature called Tomlin who, wants to please me. The afternoon they cut down the tree at the back: the tree fenced to keep from my basement skylight.

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1925
6th Jan.

1925

The deplorable truth is that I shall run year into year, for I can't waste so many blank pages.

What a flowery I began 1924 with! And today, for the 16[5]th time. Nelly has given notice. Went to dictated to: must do as other girls do. This is the fruit of Bloomsbury. On the whole, I'm inclined to take her at her word. The nuisance of arranging life to suit her feeds, & the power of 'other girls' is too much, good Cook though she is, & honest, cranky old maid too, dependable, in the main; affectionate, kindly, but incurably fussy, nervy, unsubstantial. Anyhow, the servant question no longer much worries me.

Last night we dined at 3 Albert Road many new villas. I like the new year to begin with warm friendly feelings - & it was a roberts dinner. There were the children too, a nice girl & boy; a girl with lovely woman's eyes, reproachful startled, & wild like a girl. (I want to begin to describe my own sex.) What do I mean about the expression? Extreme youth, & yet one felt, this feeling has been gathering for ever; very feminine. How I conceive my story - but I'm always conceiving novels now. Short ones - scenes - for instance The old man (a character of L.S.) The Professor on Milton - (an offshoot of literary criticism) & now The Intervention, women talking alone. However, back to life. Where are we?

I spent this morning writing a note on an Elizabethan play - for which I have been reading plays all this year. Then I found the minute hand of my watch had come off - (This was talking to Lytton about Richardson last night - I found it off then); so I went into the printing room to see to the time. Found Angus & Leonard

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doing Simpkin's bill. Played & laughed. L. went off to the office, when we had dog-walked round the Square. I came in & set a page of Nancy. Then out to Ingersoll to get my watch mended. Then dog walked. Then here. A treacly & black glacial ~~day~~ winter day; lengths of the pavement look black where not lighted. Never shall I describe all the days I have noted. I cannot hit it off. Quite, & yet perhaps if I read this again I shall see what I meant then.

Bodmell was all lake & flood; these words are exact. The rivers overflowed. We had 7 days rain out of 10. Often I could not face a walk. L. felt pound, which needed heroic courage. My heroism was purely literary.

I revised Mrs. D: the chillest part of the whole beginning of writing. The most depressing — cracking. The worst part is at the beginning (arterial) where the aeroplane has it all to itself for some pages, — it wearys them. L. read it; thinks it my best — but then has he not got to think so? Still I agree. It thinks other more continuously than J. R. but is difficult owing to the lack of connection, visible, between the two themes.

Angus's is sent off to Clarks, a proof will come next week. This is for Harcourt Brace, who has accepted without seeing & raised me to 15 p.c.

I did not see very much of Bodmell, having to keep my eyes on the typewriter.

Angus was with us for Christmas, a very quiet, very considerate, unselfish deliberate young man with a charming sense of humour — & warden. Lights 4½: pauses. But I think well of them, all the same.

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And then he turns with same magestic manner, paying on to discourse of himself, his height, his which was moderate, his eyes which were large & luminous, his skin that was dark but constantly suffused with blushes, he he brings initiates inaugurates that the literature of person personality, which for that impure literature, which those, which of which do what we will, makes it so hard is henceforth to smuggle & mishead those who require that ask of literature that it shall be pure.

And then, swerving & wavering in those immense circles he alights suddenly upon his own eyes, his eyes, his skin:

Here

But in the midst of ecstasies of speculations of the most sublime nature he alights on his own particular body. he tells us how his height was moderate, his eyes large & luminous, his skin dark but constantly suffused with blushes. now He is the first to make us feel that the sublime speculations & argument which we may be enchanted conceptions are contained in a particular body. in that of But whatever he writes we hear the voice of a character, stamped with all sorts of idiosyncrasies & inconsistencies, for which we love him & laugh at him, & so that in the most august flights of fancy Beneath there is always something that makes us smile. Echo of Shrimpton voice that makes us smile. of the old doctor who believed in witches & wondered whether Elephants have souls. & could see a seraph in the head of a teazle, & in short kept was owner of a lumber room crammed full of Odes to Ceres with a wax effigy of Proserpine with golden hair & golden sickles, for turbans silk, hair of gold, feathers colours

& the human imagination are joined after all from one particular body.

to this in the impure which breaks literature with so many fingers of

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(March 18th) These last pages belong to the Common Reader, & were written in bed with influenza: a new, at last, Leaving sent off the last proofs today. I have got my new diary made, & shall close this, with a thousand apologies, & some ominous forebodings, at the right date the blank pages.